

THE FUTURE MAN

Will My Descendants Hiss from a Scientific Standpoint?



WITHOUT wishing to alarm the American people, or to create a panic, I desire to discuss the great question, "What are we drifting to?" and what is to be the condition of the coming man? We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that mankind is passing through a great era of change; even womanhood is not built as she was a few brief years ago. And is it not time, fellow citizens, that we pause to consider what is to be the future of the American people?

Food itself has been the subject of change both in the matter of material and preparation. This must affect the consumer in such a way as to some day bring about great changes. Take, for instance, the oyster, one of our commonest and most delicious foodstuffs, and watch the effects of science upon him. At one time the oyster was served around and ate what he could find in Neptune's back yard, and we had to take him as we found him. Now take a hardy oyster of the coast, all run down, and feed them, scientifically they will swell up to a fancy size and bring a fancy price. Now, where will all this lead at last? I ask as a careful scientist. Instead of eating oysters, as Adam did, we work the fruit up into applejack and pie, while even the simple oyster is perfected, and instead of allowing him to fatten up in the fall on acorns and ancient mariners, flesh is artificially put on his bones by the artificial oyster and dainties of our advanced civilization. Hasn't he made a mistake, stout or thin, him down by making him jerk a health life so many hours every day, or cultivate his body at the expense of his mind, without ultimately not only impairing the future usefulness of the oyster himself, but at the same time affecting the future of the human race?

I only use the oyster as an illustration, and I do not wish to cause alarm, but I say that if we stimulate the oyster artificially and swell him up by scientific means we not only do so at the expense of his future nature and keep him away from his family, but we are making our mark on the future race of men. Oyster fattening is now, of course, in its infancy. Only a few years ago an effort was made to fatten oysters at St. Louis while in the water, but the experiment was not successful and those who had in charge only succeeded in making the oyster more plump. But now oysters are kept on ground feed and given nothing to do for a few weeks, and even the older and overworked oyster, backed and rickety oysters of the dim and murky past are made to fill out and many of them have to put a pore in the waistband of their shells. I only speak of the oyster incidentally as one of the objects towards which science has turned its eyes, and I connect with the utmost confidence that the time will come, unless science should get a set back, when the present hunting case oyster will give place to the open bay oyster, grafted on the oysters and big enough to feed a hotel. Perhaps the oyster of the future will carry in a hip pocket a flask of vinegar, half a dozen lemons and two little Japanese bottles, one of which will contain salt and the other pepper, and there will be some way provided by which you can tell which is which. I am sure the oyster of the future will be improved, and I am sure that this is a question we may not neglect ourselves. In this healthy life which we are putting on him or is it blots? And what will be the result in the home life of the oyster? We take him from all his natural influences whatever in order to make a swell of him by our modern methods, and what is to be the great final result on man?

The reader will see by the questions I ask that I am a true scientist, and that I can speak on the matter of science and advancement with reason, totters on her throne. But food and reason do not alone affect the great, pregnant future. Our minds are being tampered with not only by means of adulterations, political combinations and climatic changes, but even our methods of relaxation are productive of peculiar physical conditions, malformations and some more things of that kind.

Cigarette smoking produces a flabby and endogenous condition of the optic nerve, and constant listening at a telephone and always with the same ear gradually decreases the power of the other ear till it finally just stands around drawing its salary, but actually refusing to hear anything. Carrying an eight pound cane makes a man lopsided, and the muscular and nervous strain that is necessary to retain a single eyelash and keep it out of the soup, year after year, draws the mental stimulus that should go to the thinker itself, until at last the mind wanders away and forgets to come back, or becomes astrophical, and the great mental strain incident to the work of peering and eering in when it rains is more than it is equal to.

Football produces what may be called the endogenous or ingrowing toe nail, string hair and mania. Copenhagen induces melancholy, and the game of bean bags is unduly exciting. Horse racing is too brief and transitory as an outdoor game, requiring weeks and months for preparation and lasting only long enough for a quick person to ejaculate "Scat!" The pitcher's arm is a new disease, the outgrowth of baseball; the lawn tennis elbow is another



result of a popular open air game, and it begins to look as though the coming American would bear with one overgrown telephonic ear, while the other will be rudimentary only. He will have an abnormal baseball arm with a lawn tennis elbow, a powerful, football kicking leg with the superior toe driven back into the palm of his foot. He will have a highly trained biceps muscle over his eye to retain his glass, and that eye will be trained to shoot a curved glance over a high hat and witness anything on the stage.—Bill Nye in New York World.

HAPPY HITS.

In the case of a woman who was tried for killing her husband with a stone, the verdict was rendered that the killing was accidental on the ground that if she intentionally threw the stone at him, it would have hit something in an opposite direction.—The Epoch.

A citizen of Dallas, Tex., has invented an electric fishing line which kills a fish the instant it strikes the hook and at the same time rings a bell on shore to warn the fisherman who may be under a tree some yards distant playing seven up with a brother angler to decide which shall pay for the bait. An attachment that would clean and dry the fish before they are hauled out of the water would prove a great boon to the fisherman and make the inventor's fortune.—Norristown Herald.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says a Buffalo man "dreamed that he had been elected alderman, got up in his sleep, dressed and went to a restaurant, where he treated his dream world supporters to \$50 worth of drinks before he woke up." He dreamed, of course, that he had been elected a Buffalo alderman. If he had dreamed that he had been elected a New York city alderman, it is

likely that he would have got up in his sleep, went out and committed suicide before he woke up.—Norristown Herald.

Queen Victoria expected to entertain a fair of Buffalo Bills, which she did, but when she learned that the Buffalo Bulls in their hair had been sent to the fair, she gave up the idea as being beyond her means.—The Epoch.

Know Thine Own Mind. Farmer Thistlepot sat in the operating chair in the office of the phonologist. "Your tastes are the tastes of a farmer," said the phonologist, "and I assume, and in fact am confident, that you are a farmer. You are unreasonably and fallaciously in speech, you find it difficult to express your ideas. You are sadly deficient in judgment—have no knowledge whatever of human nature; your innocent, confiding disposition renders you an easy prey to designing men, and your own perfect honesty prevents you from suspecting or defending any one." Three weeks later the phonologist brought a note, quiet, safe, gentle family horse of Farmer Thistlepot. And the farmer sold him a knock-kneed old horse, 22 years old, with a one neck, tail and a temper so vicious that the wildest Indian feared it—a horse that had been sold for \$27 at two bazars in three weeks—for \$25. "It's just wonderful," said Farmer Thistlepot, as he watched the new horse running away with its new owner. "It's just wonderful that a man shall know so clearly much about men and not know a thing about horses."—Barletta in Brooklyn Eagle.

Another Jail Mystery. Chicago Jail. What's that, you find it Prisoner. A barrel of gunpowder. "My, my! And what's that?" "A stand of Springfield rifles." "Merry on us! What have you in that box?" "A grand piano." "It beats all. I don't see how these things were passed in to you. How was it?" "They blew in." "Oh, of course! Wonder I did not think of that before. Guard, close the shutters, please!"—Omaha World.

Why He Looked Tired. Patron:—What is there peculiar about that man? As far as I can see he doesn't seem to be different from any body else. Museum Attendant:—That man with the tired look? P.—Yes. M.—Why, he's the greatest curiosity we have. P.—Indeed? M.—A sure sign. He understands all about the interstate commerce law.—Boston Courier.

Getting in Some Fine Work. "And why are you so surprised, Mr. Sampson," she said, drawing herself up with hauteur, "that I play the piano so well?" "Because your hands are so small, Miss Smith, that you must find it difficult to stride an octave." "Then she played some more for him.—The Biss.

An Eye to Business. "What's the matter?" asked a gentleman, approaching a crowd on the street. "Man run over by a street car, and leg cut off." "Heavens!" he said, forcing his way to the prostrate form. Stopping down, he whispered: "My friend, don't you want a lawyer?"—The Epoch.

About the Same Thing. A small Hartford child, just home from Sunday school, informed his father that he could name the first five books of the New Testament. They were, he said, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Hatcher," and then, thinking he had done well, he hesitated and added, "Well, hatcher or ax, it's about the same thing."—Hartford Courant.

Having a Lovely Time. She (revisiting a game of football)—What are they doing now, George? He:—They're putting Browne, one of the half backs, into an ambulance. Four of his ribs are broken and his spine is bent. She:—Enthusiastically—Oh, isn't it all so very interesting and exciting!—New York Sun.

Not a Chance to Be Neglected. Mistress (who has been out)—Why, Bridget, where is the statue of the Venus of Milo? Bridget (freshly importuning)—Wan as them Oitavian image men, cum along an' said that he cut it as good as new for five cents, mum, an' I have him the job.—New York Sun.

Caught. He:—What will you have, dear, candy or ice cream? She:—No, Edward; get me some pop corn, please. He:—Do you like that stuff? She:—Yes; I like everything that pops.—Harper's Bazar.

Purely a Business Thing. "What do you suppose Jay Gould crossed the ocean for?" "Don't know. Maybe he wanted to see how the water was holding out."—Chicago News.

Monarch of American Peaks. "The highest mountain in America" must now be changed from Mount St. Elias to Mount Wrangell, a little to the north. Several of these mountains have been newly measured. Mount Elwell, once "roughly" estimated at 17,000 feet, then "closely" at 16,000, was brought down by triangulation to 12,000; an aneroid barometer made it 12,672 feet, triangulated by Dr. Baker to 12,590. It now appears that Mount Wrangell, lying to the north, rises 11,400 feet above Copper river, which is in turn 2,000 feet above sea at that point. It has holds true, Mount Wrangell is at least 1,000 feet higher than any other peak in North America. It lies within the United States boundary.—Salt Lake Tribune.

When the Game Used to Be Exciting. What, lost an eye, a leg, an arm? And of your nose bent? For veterans, sir, my heart is warm; I'd shake the hand that's left. A comrade I am proud to see, A comrade of the G. A. R. Pray tell me, sir, are you, like me, One of the G. A. R. I never joined the G. A. R. The stranger thus began, And I became not in the war. He drew his torn coat with pride, And I flushed his victor's pale. As in exciting times he cried, I used to fight with Yale. —Boston Courier.

Romance in High Life. Here with pistol.—We are no longer Maud and Jimmie. When we turned our backs upon yonder village this became the Times' Faded Crawler, the Daisy of the Wigwam, whilst I—ha, ha!—assumed the title of Venom Thistle-Rose Eye, the Mingo's Terror, so follow us at your peril; we are on the warpath and our way is toward the setting sun.—Life.

Party in Background.—But, Jimmie and Maud.—Here with pistol.—We are no longer Maud and Jimmie. When we turned our backs upon yonder village this became the Times' Faded Crawler, the Daisy of the Wigwam, whilst I—ha, ha!—assumed the title of Venom Thistle-Rose Eye, the Mingo's Terror, so follow us at your peril; we are on the warpath and our way is toward the setting sun.—Life.

Where Some Grown Up Children Keep It. "Oh, I feel so bad," said a Hartford 6-year-old. "I guess it must be my conscience." "Why, my dear," queried his mother, "you haven't been telling any wrong stories, have you?" "Oh, dear, no. But I did eat too much dinner and my conscience aches right here," pressing hard on the most painful spot childhood carries.—Hartford Post.

Young America. A Boston mother was putting her little one to bed, and said: "I think I shall be an old enough to

A SUMMER ROMANCE.

We stood in the moonlight's tender glow, And I thought not to be distant from That ever loved, and I loved her too. She has set my brain ablaze; For she was charmingly gay that night. I sat on the shore in the soft moonlight, And never a soul was near.

So I whispered low: "I love you, dear, And you think me through and through. As I look in your eyes, in the moonlight here, It is as if I can see. To keep from coming too close to me now And kissing your eyes and your lips—I love It's hard to be good," said I.

Then she looked up at me with a roguish glance, And a light was in her eyes. That made my blood flush and the whole world dance. In a rapture of sweet surprise. "I suppose it is hard," she roguishly said; "Then, softly, and turning away her head, She asked: 'What makes you try?'" —Journal of Education.

The War Market Depressed. "That's a peculiar looking dog of yours," one of us suggested to a Wyoming settler, near whose house we camped one night. "Yes, 'tis some peculiar," he replied. "Fact is, gun, that dog's a wolf." "Why don't you kill it and get the bounty?" "I'm onto this bounty all right! Haven't heard any talk 'bout the bounty been' repaid by the next legislature, I reckon?" "No." "Glad of that; I don't want to get stuck again. I got two more wolves out'n the learn, an' I'm going to raise 'em. I how in a year or so to have a pretty respectable flock to turn in to the territorial treasurer." "It ought to pay." "Well, if I don't get stuck like I did in northern Nevada this once." "How was that?" "Bar—started a bar farm. The state was paying \$10 apiece for bar scraps an' might as well get 'em at that. I got a pair of black bar an' took good care of 'em, an' in a few weeks I had a flock of about twenty. I put a pretty bar as you ever seen. Loved to kill 'em ten of 'em in the spring an' send the scalp to the state treasurer, tellin' him how I lost out in the woods an' 'em with an ax an' got most chawed up, but it didn't work—I got floored." "How did that happen?" "Legislature sent an' repealed the law, an' there I was, left with seventeen big, hungry bar on my hands, an' the bottom gone out of the bar market, an' a misanthropic slouch. Seventeen bar, an' no demand for 'em! Back yard so full of chained up bar that you could hear 'em at night. It made me sick; I drove 'em all down town an' made 'em leave. The Dams here—who was in the legislature an' voted agin' bar—an' left 'em near his hog pen, an' then I pulled up an' come out here where I heard they were payin' \$5 for wolf scalps. I told you what, if this miserable, low level legislature don't legislate up the wolf industry I'll be snafled if I live to try to earn an honest livin' again!"—Chicago Tribune.

Fragnant. Woman:—Just too awful lovely in newly laundered waists and lawn from fresh from close communion with toilet soap and a crystal, water bath. She has the ripe peach fragrance of a Pasha and the leaviness of the cape jasmine of the tropical empyrean. When a fellow passes to the windward of a pretty woman who is filling the air with sweetness and purity as she trips gracefully along, he delicately sniffs the air for an hour, as if he had got a snuff of heavenly perfume, and was trying to win another whiff from over the celestial battlements.—Texaskama Independent.

Keeping Up with the Times. Youth:—I have called, sir, to find out how to make love. Noted Anarchist—Velocum, mon friend. I show you dot process right away shrewdly. You see dot pipe. You put dot dynamite in here, den you fix dot day, see! Any von can do it. "Will you explain me some of the pipes and dynamite and so forth?" "I give you all you want. You peeing to our society, eh?" "Oh, no, I go to college and we are going to have some freshmen to-night."—Omaha World.

Sympathy Not Needed. Invalid—Doctor, the consulting physicians actually laughed when told that you said my case was incurable. Family Doctor—Laughed, eh? "Yes, laughed." "Well, never mind; don't worry." "Thank you, doctor." "No, don't worry on my account, my dear sir. Remember he laughs best who laughs last."—Omaha World.

Something Frivolous for a Change. Intellectual Young Lady—Have you any work giving a full exposition of the Schleswig-Holstein question? Clerk at Book Store—I don't know of any such book. Young Lady (wearily)—I was in hopes I could find it here. I have just come from a meeting of our Browning club, and I want some light reading for recreation.—Chicago Tribune.

A Poor Unfortunate. "What a lovely day!" said the man. "Yes, indeed," replied the woman. "I have just come from a meeting of our Browning club, and I want some light reading for recreation.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lost Tragedy, in Three Acts. A Boston man has a twin brother living in the west who looks very much like him. The other morning the Boston twin, after being shaved, went home and found there his brother, who had just come east. The western twin needed shaving badly, and was directed to the barber shop. He entered and seated himself, but the barber paid no attention to him. "What's the matter with you?" said the western twin after waiting long enough. "Why don't you shave me?" "Why, I've just shaved you," said the barber. "Much you did," said the twin. "Look at my face. The barber looked at him, shaved, went home and found there his brother, who had just come east. The western twin needed shaving badly, and was directed to the barber shop. He entered and seated himself, but the barber paid no attention to him. "What's the matter with you?" said the western twin after waiting long enough. "Why don't you shave me?" "Why, I've just shaved you," said the barber. 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